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SUNNY SICILY.

Messina—A Sunrise—Around Sleeping Atna—Sicilian Scenery—Along the Coast to Syracuse.

NAPLES, Feb. 22, 1896.

A more cheerful or animated scene could hardly be imagined than that presented to us as we crossed the narrow straits between Sicily and the mainland. The sickle shaped harbor was crowded with boats to such a degree that I remember nothing to compare with it, unless it be the upper New York Bay. Queer looking craft of all kinds shot to and fro, big boats were coming and going, loading and unloading, white sails sparkled, the waves danced like molten silver in the morning sunlight; Messina smiled around her curving coast, with her villas climbing the hills behind her; back still farther toward a range of rugged peaks, and to the south and beyond all rose majestic, snow capped Atna. Landed on the bustling pier, we wheeled slowly along the street skirting the harbor, a street broad, well paved and lined on one side by two story palaces. We then climbed up a long, narrow street leading to the upper part of the city, whence views may be had of the sea and its islands, the shores of the mainland, and the mountains of Calabria. From its brisk aspect to-day, Messina would not be suspected of its long and chequered career, stretching back to 700 years before the Christian era, through conquests and wars and sieges, through devastating earthquakes and plagues, until from its story one would suppose that mankind and nature had leagued to force it from the face of the earth. But here it stands yet, keeping fair pace with the world, and doing more business than almost any other town of Italy.

We took the coast road south and found it difficult, because of the frequent steep hills. The road was well made, but the coast is a succession of rocky peninsulas, and we passed through many tunnels, and over numerous wide torrent beds, that have to be kept wide, for although the streams often dry up completely, yet a sudden fall of rain will swell them with incredible quickness to resistless floods. At a point some 30 miles out, we climbed a steep hill to the ancient town of Taormina. One long street and its side alleys comprise the town; a ruined castle as high cliff overlooks and formerly guarded it, and two sky-reaching peaks leap into the air behind it. On an isolated height away from the main part of the town we saw a Grecian theater, said to be remarkably well preserved. Fancy a semi-circular pit more than 350 feet in diameter, hewn almost from the solid rock, a narrow stage approached by vaulted passages; in front of the stage, an extensive space for the orchestra, and back of these tiers of rocky seats—the whole so perfect in acoustical arrangement that an ordinary tone from the stage penetrates its utmost corner. Being assured that the sunrise view from the hill behind this theater was one of the very finest in all Italy, and therefore in all the world, we lingered here over night. Called at an unearthly hour by our lively landlord, we made our way in the darkness up the hill, arriving just in time. In the far away east the sea appeared to be heaped into clouds, which at one point were a dense and lovely purple. Suddenly as we looked toward the muffled form of gigantic Atna, to the west of us, his snow covered head seemed to shine out a rosy red beacon in the sky. We had seen no rays of sunshine as yet, but glorious colors began at once to dance down from the peak of Atna. Quickly his top changed from red to burnished gold, while below the warm blush of red lingered, and his vales shimmered in intense purple; now the red glow faded away, the peak shone out icy white, the gold began tipping the forests of pine on his shaggy sides, and on some lower mountains back of us. A moment after a golden beam seemed shot from the horizon over the sea, broadening as the disc rose slowly from the bosom of the waters. Mountains away to the east now cast long shadows on the earth—shadows filled with the most lovely suffusion of subdued tints, and the glittering waves seemed a pathway of sparkling diamonds straight into the heart of the dazzling orb. In a few minutes it was all over, the sun was up, the soft magic of dawn was past, and prosaic day was



THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

Is **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR**—don't forget to take it. The Liver gets sluggish during the Winter, just like all nature, and the system becomes choked up by the accumulated waste, which brings on indigestion, Fever and Ague and Rheumatism. You want to wake up your Liver now, but be sure you take **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR** to do it. It also regulates the Liver—keeps it properly at work, when your system will be free from poison and the whole body invigorated. You get **THE BEST BLOOD** when your system is in A1 condition, and that will only be when the Liver is kept active. Try a Liver Remedy once and note the difference. But take only **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR**—it is **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR** which makes the difference. Take it in powder or in liquid already prepared, or make a tea of the powder; but take **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR**. You'll find the **RED Z** on every package. Look for it.

J. H. Zellan & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

at hand. Like all the great and beautiful things of this world it could not last, save in the dimming memory and the surging heart.

We now set out for a sixty mile ride around Mt. Atna, the highest volcano in Europe. We might have ascended it, but at this time of the year the ascent is particularly tiresome and dangerous, and anyhow we had enough of volcano craters. Our road at the start was one built for military purposes in the 5th century B. C., and retaining yet its solidity and smoothness. We passed through many extensive hazel nut plantations, and through many villages, wherein the houses were all built of dark lava stone, even to the churches and schools. Frequently we rode over barren plains of lava which covered a fertile country, and which strikingly exhibited the devastating activity of the mighty monster, whose numerous craters frowned threateningly above us. On one side were disclosed many wild pictures of a swift river; the vegetation as we proceeded upward became northern, and there were woods composed wholly of ivy-grown oaks. Finally we traversed a wide, blasted waste, over which swept a cold wind and in which here and there we discovered many signs of ruined towns, overwhelmed by eruptions. On the summit of this desolate region stands a considerable town, where the fragments were shown us, that belonged to a temple once guarded by a thousand dogs. From that town we had a coast of twenty miles down a winding road, through villages, over lava, across a blooming and fertile plain, to the sea shore again at the enterprising and populous city of Catania.

The people of Sicily markedly differ from those of Northern Italy and of Rome. They are gayer, quicker, more volatile, more picturesque in dress, more supple in mind and body, seeming to preserve the various characteristics of their diversified ancestry that numbers among its races Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans and Spaniards. We found them as ready to take advantage of our ignorance, but they cheated us more

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil

without the fish-

fat taste. You

get all the virtue

of the oil. You

skip nothing but

the taste.

wittily and joyously than did the Romans. The climate leaves little to be desired. We recalled the saying of Cicero that "the sun shines every day at Syracuse." It is almost literally true. Rains fall, but they come in storms with wind, thunder and lightning, purifying the air and freshening earth and sky. Then the sun shines out strong and hot, while the shadows are damp and cold. The surface of the country is quite irregular. Mountains are always in sight, while the slopes are penetrated by profound ravines and deep valleys with their sides honeycombed with caverns.

Farmers with rude and antiquated implements raise wheat, barley and beans, and much ground is devoted to pasturage. Sulphur is a source of wealth, and we everywhere met long trains of pack mules and carts conveying this product to the coast. The vine grew on all the sunny uplands, and the plains were covered by groves of lemon and orange trees. Two acres of lemons, we were told, yielded a gross income of \$800, and the same extent of ground produces \$500 worth of oranges. Fields were separated and surrounded by queer hedges of cactus, and from these plants the natives get a sort of fig that they live on during a part of the year.

The orange harvest was just about finishing as we passed along, and we ate great quantities of the golden fruit, deriving much bodily benefit therefrom.

Modern Syracuse is pleasant enough with its location on an island and its electric lights, but of course it is a mere echo of the splendid city that once covered not only the island, but the heights of the neighboring coast as well, that gave birth to Archimedes and Theocritus, gave a welcome to Aeschylus, and that withstood and broke the power of Athens. Several days were most profitably spent in wandering over its ruins, tracing its huge walls, exploring its temples and theaters and those strange quarries whence the stone for the massive works of the city were taken, and which were then used sometimes as burial places, sometimes as prisons. One of the latter forms a gigantic letter S, so accurately proportioned that a whisper at one end may be heard at the other, and the report of a pistol is deafening. Many of these antique memorials have been cleared of the debris of ages, but many are covered with vigorous vegetation, amid which lizards and small snakes are numerous.

We stood on the hills that overlook the ancient and the modern town, thought of Damon and Pythias, and the other worthies who shine in the glorious history of Syracuse; and then looked longingly across the pleasant sea toward Malta and Tunis and the land of the pyramids and the storied Nile. But we were compelled to retrace a part of our journey, and to make time we took a night boat for Messina and Naples.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Current Fun.

Papa (on the top of the stairs): Is that young man gone, Mamie? Mamie: Yes, papa, awfully.—*Tit-Bits.*

A Necessary Distinction.—Friend (reading manuscript): A poor beggar—Why poor? Do you know of any rich beggars? Author: Lots of them. They're howling for a higher tariff.—*Puck.*

Force of Habit.—Teacher: Your additions are wrong every time; is there no one to help you at home? "Yes, father does." "But he always makes the answer too big, what is he, then?" "A waiter." "Ah, I see."—*School Blue Dragon.*

Mr. Between-the-Acts: Excuse me for a few moments, dear. I've got to go out to see a man. Mrs. Between-the-Acts: It isn't necessary, Charles. I brought a pound of chocolate brandy drops in my plush glass bag.—*Somerville Journal.*

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by W. C. Gaston."

As One Woman To Another:



"Every Monday morning for two years I've used **CLAIRETTE SOAP**—always makes the clothes pure and white without hard rubbing—have my washing done by nine o'clock. This soap has never harmed the most delicate colors in my summer dresses, so it must be free from all acids. I do wish you would send down to the Grocer and get a cake to try on your next washing-day. You will find a perfect Laundry Soap. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The
N. K. Fairbank Company,
St. Louis.

Prevention of Rot in Apples, Grapes and Plums.

Bulletin 31 from the Missouri Experiment Station by J. C. Whitten, horticulturist, details the result of numerous experiments in preventing rot in apples, grapes, plums, etc. The practical points brought out are condensed into the following:

During the past two years, systematic experiments have been carried on at the Experiment Station, at Columbia, in spraying for insects and fungus diseases, in order to determine the general efficacy of spraying, the most economical strength of spraying mixtures, the number of applications necessary for the various fungus diseases, the best time to spray, and other unsettled points.

Apple scab, the worst fungus disease of the apple in this country, was very largely controlled in orchards sprayed once before the buds started in the spring, with copper sulphate (two pounds to fifty gallons of water) and four times, subsequently with bordeaux mixture. The bordeaux mixture was applied in various strengths from one pound to six pounds of copper sulphate and the same weight of lime, to fifty gallons of water. The three and four pound solutions gave as good results as the six pound solution the first season, and the second season after systematic spraying was begun, the one and two pound solutions were sufficient to hold the scab almost entirely in check. In unsprayed orchards the scab ripens its spores early in the season and these spores germinate upon the fruit and leaves causing a second crop of the fungus that appears as clouds or blotches on the apple in autumn. On sprayed trees no trace of this second crop of scab could be found, while on unsprayed apples it was almost universal.

Bitter rot developed to only a slight extent on the Station grounds, about the time the fruit was gathered. Generally throughout the state it was very bad. The only case in which we had an opportunity to test the efficacy of the bordeaux mixture for this disease was on some Fameuse trees. These trees were sprayed as (outlined) for scab. At the time of gathering in autumn, the following percentages of fruit, sprayed with two, four and six pound solutions, were effected with bitter rot. Unsprayed trees .84 per cent effected, sprayed with two pound solution .41 per cent, four pound solution .57 per cent and six pound solution .25 per cent effected. Since this disease developed so late in the season, no other experiments were carried on to check it except to thoroughly spray two trees just before the fruit was gathered, with ammoniacal copper carbonate solution. It is expected that this will lessen the amount of bitter rot next season. In 1896 more extensive experiments for this destructive disease will be pursued in several orchards.

The black rot of the grape was more readily controlled by the use of bordeaux mixture than were most of the other fungus diseases.

The plum rot was most successfully managed by spraying with the bordeaux mixture until the fruit reached nearly full size and then spraying weekly, during the ripening period with the ammoniacal copper carbonate solution. The reason for using the latter solution at that time was because it left no sediment on the fruit at the time of gathering as did the bordeaux mixture.

We sometimes hear of unsuccessful results from spraying, but these experiments show, while all diseases can not be immediately and totally eradicated, that continued spraying will cause the

fungus diseases mentioned to grow less and less each year. One intelligent fruit grower sent word to the Station that he had carefully sprayed according to directions, but there was more scab on his sprayed than on his unsprayed trees. A careful examination of apples from his orchard revealed the fact that they were badly burned (probably by impure chemicals or too strong a mixture) but there was no trace of fungus disease in his fruit. Very common mistakes are the use of impure chemicals, allowing the ingredients to settle so the first trees get none and the last trees too much of the chemicals, improper mixing of the solutions, using the wrong solution, and failing to spray at just the proper time.

The cost of these spraying mixtures and spray pumps is very small, and the labor involved is very slight. There is no single investment that will pay such profits on the general farm as systematic spraying.

Full particulars as to how to make up the different solutions, the time and best method of applying them, will be found in Bulletin 31 of this Station, which may be had, free of charge, by addressing the Director of the Experiment Station, Columbia, Mo.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A BRIGHT prospect for harmony in the Democratic party in Missouri is now assured. Editor Hudson of the *Macon Times*, the boss gold-bug of the 1st congressional district has discovered that the difference between his gold-standard doctrine, and the free coinage silver doctrine of Hon. Wm. M. Rubey at a ratio of 16 to 1 is quite thin, "thin as gauze" so to speak. Well if that is true and Bro. Hudson can win John Carroll and editor Jewett, of the *Shelbina Democrat* over to his way of thinking, a grand Democratic victory will be scored in northeast Missouri in this year of our Lord 1896.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Missouri Democrats have numerous sticks of gubernatorial timber ready for use whenever needed. Among these are Judge Gibson, of Kansas City, Hon. Lon Stephens, of Booneville, Judge Hockaday, of Fulton, and the latest mentioned, but not least is Hon. Thos. Shackelford, of Glasgow. Any or all of these gentlemen would make model governors. Mr. Shackelford is our neighbor whom we have known for nearly 40 years to be one of the best men in all the country. He is a lawyer of a high order of talent as well as a farmer. And no man knows the wants of this great state any better than he does. We understand that he, too, like the other gentlemen named, is a strong free coinage silver man, and in this and in other particulars would correspond with the sentiment of Missouri Democrats. There is not likely to be any mistake made by the state convention in selecting a candidate for governor.

THERE'S no way that we can discover of making the BUCKSKIN BREECHES any better. We say they are the best working pants on earth. We are so sure that we are right, that we take all the chances and offer you your money back if you can find the smallest detail about them that isn't right. Then, too, we ask no more for them than other makers charge for common goods.